King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resoluing witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby

How now what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts be yond the seas
Where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor this abroad.
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close;
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarense* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him;
Looke how thou dreamest; I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne pluckes on sinne,
Teares falling, pitty dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. Iames Tirrel, & your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord but I had rather kill two deepe enemies

King. Why there thou hast it, to deepe enemies.
Foes to my rest that my sweet sleepe disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon;
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.

Kin. Thou singst sweet musicke, Come hither
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *H*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done? *in*
And I will loue thee, and prefer thee too.

Tir. Tis done my good Lord.

Kin. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sl

Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buc*

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

Kin. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmo*

Buc. I heare that news my Lord.

Kin. Stanley, he is your wiues sonne: Well, loo

Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by pro
For which your honour and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of *Herford*, and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse,

Kin. Stanley, looke to your wife, if they conu
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it,

Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust dem

Kin. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin, How chance the Prophet could not at tha
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome

Kin. Richmond, When last I was at *Exeter*.
The Maior in curtesie shewd me the Castle,
And called it Rugemount, at which name I sta
Because a Lord of *Ireland* told me once,
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin. I, Whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your Grace in min
Of what you promisd me.

Kin. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of 10.